Loues Labour's loſt.

Actus Primus.

Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longauill, and Dumane.

Ferdinand.

LEt *Fame*, that all hunt after in their liues,
Liue regiſtred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs in the diſgrace of death:
When ſpight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Th'endeuour of this preſent breath may buy:
That honour which ſhall bate his ſythes keene edge,
And make vs heyres of all eternitie.
Therefore braue conquerors, for ſo you are,
That warre againſt your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds deſires.
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force,
Nauar ſhall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court ſhall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art.
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longauill*,
Haue ſworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:
My fellow ſchollers, and to keepe thoſe ſtatutes
That are recorded in this ſcedule heere.
Your oathes are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names
That his owne hand may ſtrike his honour downe,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as ſworne to doe,
Subſcribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.